

## Wichita Daily Eagle

### A MIRACLE.

How sometimes we lie still, too spent to weep,  
Languid for rest as do the stars for rain;  
Wondering what spirit stirs the tired brain,  
Why the poor heart should weary with sleep;  
Denied the peaceful, tickling thought of sleep;  
On our pale cheeks murmuring, "Life is pain;  
Oh for a rest that does not wake again!"  
Then comes a sound of rushing through the air,  
And the hushed souls drink up the plashing rain;  
Sleazers our souls in answer to our prayer,  
And, marvelous! the next day life is plain,  
Easy and simple, profitable and fair!  
—H. P. Kimball in Woman's Journal.

### A GARDEN HOSE.

Toward the end of a beautiful June day  
M. and Mrs. Lemadie were seated in their  
garden before the mansion house and tranquilly  
waiting for dinner. M. Lemadie was reading the  
newspaper, on which from time to time he com-  
mented in a senatorial voice, and Mrs. Lemadie  
was deeply occupied with her work.

"Where can Jeanne be, I wonder," said  
Mrs. Lemadie, stretching her hand toward  
her work basket and pulling a thread of  
scarlet silk out of its littered skeins. "Your  
daughter?" said M. Lemadie. He turned  
on his chair and looked out of the corner  
of his eye toward the end of the garden.  
"There she is," he said, "nozzle in hand,  
watering the flowers."

Scarcely had he spoken when there re-  
sounded from the street a sudden cry, ac-  
companied by a most formidable obstruc-  
tion, and there were instantly accompanied  
by the furious remonstrances of a second  
voice.

"What has happened?" cried M. Lemadie,  
throwing down his journal. "What can be the  
matter?"

He rose to investigate. A vigorous knock  
at his gate, followed by other alarming  
strokes, made him hasten his steps. Open-  
ing the gate he found himself confronted by  
two gentlemen, one a young fellow of  
twenty-five, the other a stout and hearty  
gray-haired old boy, of ample mien, who,  
drenched from head to foot, was vainly en-  
deavoring to dry himself with his pocket  
handkerchief.

The young man began to expostulate re-  
pentantly, breaking out into exasperated  
reproaches. "What did they mean by in-  
undating his uncle in this manner? And  
on purpose to amuse themselves—full in  
his face—and with a head of water like  
that?"

M. Lemadie stammered all kinds of ex-  
cuses, hopping from one foot to another,  
stupidly turning his straw hat about in  
his fingers, and in a duncelike voice re-  
peating, "I'm sure it must be very un-  
pleasant—very unpleasant."

"Unpleasant? I should think so!" re-  
plied the young man furiously, and dry as  
bone himself, "and I'm sure it's a perfect  
disgrace to your family."

With growing irritation he continued to apostrophize the poor wretch  
planted motionless before him, a speech-  
less and sorry figure, crying out that it  
was impossible to conceive of any little  
attention to people who might be passing  
on the street, that it was a perfect dis-  
grace, returning with ever renewed anger to  
the iniquity of this sudden and formidable  
avalanche of water. "No, no, uncle, I re-  
fuse to say anything more about it," he  
cried. "Just look at yourself! See what a  
state you are in!"

In fact the uncle presented a most la-  
mentable appearance. His collar was  
nothing but a shapless pad of linen, his  
black satin cravat, all awry, was switched  
up on his neck, his silk hat was smeared  
with glistening scars, which bristled up  
here and there like monstrous caterpillars.  
His waistcoat and trousers, struck at the  
stout and plentiful person, and from the  
poor man's elbows, shoulders and hips  
there was a regular June shower.

Who now came stealing up, head down,  
on timid, hesitating feet, but Jeanne, the  
culprit, "Jeanne!" In angry tones the fa-  
ther spoke. "Why did you let your daughter  
gentleman! Will you please to observe the  
result of your carelessness?"

She raised her eyes, the smallest suspi-  
cion of a smile hovering about the corners  
of her lips, when of a sudden she stood  
open mouthed, in stupefied immobility.  
Her pretty face was so droll, her look at the  
figure was so charming, that with her  
rumpled hair, her flowered linen garden  
dress with its slim corsage, and her petti-  
coat pulled up, revealing two almost in-  
visible little feet in the most minute of slip-  
pers, that the victim and the impatient  
nephew of the victim were disarmed be-  
fore a word was spoken.

"Pray, never mind, mademoiselle," said  
the uncle. "I beg you will not give the  
matter a second thought. It is not every  
day that one has the honor of a douchette  
from so charming a young lady."  
She blushed extremely, tried to speak,  
and then so irresistible a desire to laugh  
took possession of her that she turned and  
fled for very fear of bursting out laughing.

Now, somewhat recovering her self pos-  
session, M. Lemadie was at last able to ex-  
press his regret in somewhat decent phrase.  
It then occurred to his hitherto bewildered  
mind that he might at least offer the un-  
fortunate victim of the accident a change  
of clothes, and with such good humored  
hospitality did he insist that she offer, at  
first declined, was finally accepted. Ten  
minutes afterward, Thibaut, Uncle Thibaut,  
completely dry, a little squarer, and thor-  
oughly restored to spirits by a couple of  
glasses of Marsala, took leave of the Le-  
madie family.

"Come, let us hurry," said he to his  
nephew. "Your mother will be wonder-  
ing where we are."  
They walked on without a word for half  
a mile or so, when Thibaut broke out  
suddenly. "Do you know what I think?  
That is the sort of young lady I should  
like to see marry! Why, she's charming!  
And as for the Marsala, only a good  
father keeps such wine as that."

As Marcel did not reply, he went on:  
"Why don't you admit that she is charm-  
ing, and that you would be a lucky dog,  
eh, you rascal?"

"Such, uncle, what enthusiasm! Do you  
ordinarily take fire in this manner? Then  
people sprinkle you from a garden hose?  
Or perhaps it is the wine of this most ex-  
cellent of fathers?"

Thibaut was about to reply, when on  
turning the corner of the street they beheld  
Mrs. Filhol, the anxious mother, coming  
toward them, and, as her brother-in-law  
had prophesied, wondering where they  
were. Marcel related the annoying inci-  
dent, and the uncle completed the tale by  
averring that for his own part he was far  
from considering it annoying. And in  
saying so he was pleased to wink at his  
nephew, without consenting to make an  
explanation of this mysterious action.

Home they reached and sat down to ta-  
ble. The bath had developed an appetite  
in this old monster; he devoured. At des-  
sert, in high good humor, full of his jokes,  
his elbows on the table, for Uncle Tri-  
baut's manners were really something aw-  
ful—he would talk of nothing but the Le-  
madies, and put his sister-in-law through a  
regular cross-examination concerning  
them. But Mrs. Filhol could tell him  
nothing. At last, when she sees nothing or  
nothing at all, and nobody paid visits.  
She remembered having seen the girl in  
the now famous garden once or twice  
walking with her mother or her maid, but  
that was all.

Marcel, with an irritated air, preserved a  
severe silence, and the uncle changed the  
conversation. But the young man pre-  
sented only go to look for cigars, and then  
came the uncle's chance. Quickly and in

### BIG BILL.

Back of Laramie, Wyo., there is a  
range of hills that would be called  
mountains anywhere else. Here you  
can find deep gorges, ravines and valleys.  
Some twenty miles above the city there  
is a road that winds up and up into the  
hills, over acres of barren rock, and then  
descends down into a beautiful valley  
where grass is growing luxuriantly, and  
sheep and antelope are grazing. Follow  
the road by a miniature lake, and by and  
by it will lead you around the base of a  
tall mountain, and there you will find a  
little log cabin beside a willow lined  
stream, and you will see there a large  
sheep corral.

I was lounging on the ground a few  
years ago in front of the little cabin  
smoking peacefully, and listening to the  
wind sighing through the willows and  
pines, the bleating of the sheep in the  
corral and the howl of the coyote up in  
the hills.

"As far as I know, Big Bill and me  
were the first white men who herded  
sheep up here in the hills," said the oc-  
cupant of the cabin, as he sat in the  
doorway with his pipe in his mouth.

"We came up here from the home  
ranch down on the Laramie river and  
built this cabin and the corral in '77.  
We had about 5,000 sheep to look after  
with the dogs to help us, and it was  
pretty hard work, for then the hills were  
full of mountain lions, and they didn't  
know the difference between the sheep  
and the antelope, but we got along all  
right. As the old man sent some of the  
sheep down on the plains and others to  
the home ranch, Bill and me didn't have  
anything to do, so we went up in the  
northern part of the state rounding cat-  
tle, but in the latter part of 1887 the old  
man sent for us, and so we came back  
and took about 3,000 sheep up here to  
look after."

"We hadn't been here long before a  
young tenderfoot came up from Omaha  
to help us, the old man said, but in real-  
ity he only wanted a little outdoor exer-  
cise. Jim was a mighty good fellow,  
though, if he was a tenderfoot, and he  
and Bill became warm friends. Jim was  
small, thin and pale, and Bill was big,  
broad and full bearded, with hair that  
fell down on his shoulders. Jim was  
used to stick by Bill as close as a sick  
kitten to a hot brick, and used to follow  
him away over by Dirty Ed mountain  
and Ragged Top, and when he came in  
at sundown he would look like a corpse,  
but after a while he got as strong as an  
ox and slept like a horse. After supper  
they would take their pipes and tobacco  
and go out there under yonder tall pine,  
and would talk until long into the night,  
and I used to sit here and wonder what  
the mischief they would talk about. But  
Jim was the best natured fellow that  
ever lived, excepting, of course, Big Bill.  
All that summer they were as insepar-  
able as the Siamese twins, and when one  
went down to the home ranch or to  
Laramie the other would go too."

"One day Jim wasn't feeling well, and  
I'm blessed if Bill didn't camp right by  
his bedside all day long, and me and  
Sheep, the dog, had to look after the  
sheep. Jim was only sick a couple of  
days, and the next Sunday when the  
men from down on the ranch came up to  
bring us some papers and canned stuff  
they brought a letter for Jim from his  
employers down in Omaha asking that  
he come home at once. When Jim got  
ready to go I am an Indian if he and  
Big Bill didn't cry, and Bill he walks  
clear up to the top of the hill, and sat  
down on a bowlder, and kept his eyes  
fastened on the wagon as it turned  
around the serpentine road, and watched  
it until it disappeared on the plain be-  
low, and then he came back here and  
set down awful glum, and says he to me:  
"Jake, Jim's an all-fired good fellow."

"You bet he is."  
"That's all I said, but Big Bill under-  
stood me. Every Sunday when the men  
from the ranch didn't come up Bill used  
to walk clear down there and get the  
letter that would be sure to be there for  
him from Jim, and he would bring it  
back up here, and we used to work pretty  
hard to read it, even if it was written  
with a typewriter, for you know neither  
Bill nor me had ever had any schooling.  
They were awful good letters, though,  
and once he sent us some fine woolen  
shirts and mittens, and some crack to-  
bacco and a couple of pipes; this is one  
of them now. About a month after he  
left we got a letter saying he was going  
to be married, and he was dead anxious  
for Big Bill to come down and take it in,  
but Bill wouldn't do it, because he said  
Jim might be ashamed of him; but Jim  
wasn't that kind of fellow, as I'm going  
to tell you pretty soon."

About three years after his marriage  
Jim wrote a letter asking both Bill and  
me to come down and see him and his  
wife and the kid, and there was a lot of  
scribbling, which Jim said was the  
baby's invitation. Course I knew it was  
Big Bill they wanted to see, although  
Jim and me were good friends, but as  
Bill allowed he wouldn't go if I didn't  
go with him, I consented to go, and so  
when the sheep had been moved down to  
the ranch we went down to Omaha.  
We didn't tell him we were coming, for  
Bill thought it would be big fun to sur-  
prise him. When we got into Omaha  
we were kinder scared, seeing all the  
people and the rattle, but a policeman  
came up and asked us who we wanted,  
and we told him the name of the firm  
Jim worked for and he explained how to  
get there. Bill and me started out and  
crossed the viaduct, I believe that's  
what it's called, a big bridge over the  
railroad tracks, and when we got to the  
other end and walked around a bit we  
saw the sign up and we crossed over and  
went in. There were lots of men work-  
ing there, and Jim was standing up talk-  
ing to a girl who was a-reading like a  
congressman. When Bill saw him he  
walks right up and shoves out his hand  
and says he in a loud, cheery voice:  
"Hello, old Jim, how be ye?"

"Jim just looked up and then jumped a  
yard and grabs Bill's outstretched hand  
in both of his and then he grabs mine,  
a-taking like a politician all the time.  
He excused himself for a minute and  
reads a little more to the girl and then  
he introduced us to three or four people  
and got his coat. The girl turned  
around and commenced hitting a ma-  
chine and Bill went up and took off his  
hat and his long hair fell about his face  
and he said:  
"That's one of those typewriters, ain't  
it, miss?"

And the girl looked up and smiled  
awfully nice and says, "Yes, sir," and  
then Jim came along and we left. We  
went out, and I'll be switched if I could  
see how Jim could find his way around  
with all the wagons and people and elec-

tric cars, but we got on one of them  
trains and rode for about half an hour  
and then we got off and walked up a  
hill. A pretty little house stood up  
above the street and we went up, for  
that was where Jim lived. The house  
was fixed up in great shape, and as Bill  
and me stood there kind of awkward  
the curtains were shoved aside and a  
young lady came in. She stood for a  
second, and Jim just said "my wife,"  
when she stepped forward with the  
sweetest kind of a smile and taking my  
hand she said:  
"This is Big Bill, I know, and Jake. I  
am glad to see you."

"Bill just looked all broke up for a min-  
ute and then he turned to Jim:  
"No wonder you married, Jim," says  
he.

"Jim and his wife just laughed, and  
while they were enjoying themselves a  
little child came into the room and ran  
up to his father, and he took him up in  
his arms and kissed him and then set  
him down on the floor, and he ran over  
to where Bill was sitting in one of those  
big chairs and climbed up in his lap, and  
Bill held him like he was glass, and he  
was pleased if he did feel foolish, and  
the kid ran his little hands through the  
big man's beard and long hair, and  
seemed to enjoy it immensely, and pretty  
soon Bill turns to Jim and says he:  
"You had better take this, Jim. I  
ain't used to handling such lambs."

"Jim reached out for the child, but he  
clung close to Bill. A flush of pride  
comes into my pard's face, and he looked  
up and said:  
"What's the kid's name, Jim?"

"But before Jim could answer the boy  
said 'Bill' just as plain, and the big fel-  
low looked up first at Mrs. Jim and then  
at her husband and he read the answer  
in their faces, and then he pressed the  
child close to his bosom, and two big  
tears came into his eyes and fell on his  
cheeks. We felt at home right away,  
and that afternoon Jim got a carriage  
and drove us all over the city and out to  
the fort. Bill looked awful happy sit-  
ting on the back seat with Mrs. Jim, and  
the kid and Mrs. Jim laughing softly  
and talking merrily while her husband  
and Bill spoke of when Jim was up here  
in the hills. We staid there for three  
days, and Jim just showed us all the big  
buildings and took us up to one of those  
swell clubs and introduced us around  
as though we were millionaires instead  
of poor sheep herders, and a reporter  
gave Bill a great write up too."

About a month after we were down in  
Omaha we saw a man from the ranch  
riding up, and so we went over to see what  
was the matter, for it was on Thursday  
we thought something was up. He had  
a letter with a black margin from  
Bill and he tore it open and it was from  
Mrs. Jim, saying that Jim had been taken  
suddenly sick and had died. Well, sir,  
Bill just took the letter in his hand and  
turned around like one that's paralyzed  
and he walked straight over yonder  
under that pine tree where he and Jim  
had laid so often and threw himself  
down on the ground. I looked after the  
sheep, and at sundown I drove them all  
up here into the corral and then Sheep  
and me went over, and the dog, when he  
saw Bill lying flat on the ground with his  
face in his arms, gave one long and  
agonizing howl and began licking Bill's  
face and Bill reached up and pulled Sheep  
right down by him and said awful soft  
like:  
"Your heart's broken, too, ain't it,  
Sheep?"

"He lay there for a long while, and the  
moonlight came out from behind the  
clouds and bathed the hills and the val-  
leys with the soft light, and it fell upon  
Big Bill, lying with his head on the dog  
and sobbing to himself. It was almost  
morning, and the moonlight had died  
away, and the eastern heavens were  
tinged by the light of the rising sun and  
as we walked toward the willows there by  
the brook and murmured through the  
pines, when he arose and came over here  
to the cabin. I was so dead tired that I  
had slept all night, and when he opened  
the door I was just getting up.  
"Jake," he said, "I have got to go  
down to Omaha."

"Because," he said, "you know Jim  
was pretty extravagant and he didn't  
get much of a salary, and I wouldn't be  
surprised if his wife and the kid was  
pretty hard pressed. I must go down  
and look after them, for I know Jim  
would like to have me do so."

"I saw there wasn't any use of talking,  
and so he shook hands with me and  
started out over the hills for the ranch.  
He drew all the money coming to him,  
and I didn't see or hear anything from  
him until along toward the close of the  
summer, when one evening, as Sheep and  
me were sitting out here, and I was  
pulling my pipe, I heard a step, and  
looking up, I saw Big Bill.  
"I didn't know him at first. He had on  
store clothes. His hair was short and  
he only wore a mustache. He looked  
like a corpse. His cheeks and eyes were  
sunk, and he had a cough that pained  
him terribly. He had walked all the  
way up from Laramie, and as he was  
pretty well pegged out I didn't say  
much to him, but just got him some-  
thing to eat and put him to bed. He  
used to sleep like an ox, but all night  
he was restless, and pitching backward  
and forward on the bed. Next day he  
told me that when he got in Omaha he  
went up and saw Mrs. Jim and the kid  
and that she was all broke up. You see  
Jim had spent money pretty freely and  
when his debts was paid he didn't have  
a cent, and Bill told her that Jim had  
lent him a lot of money, which, of course,  
was not so, and that he would pay it  
back now. To-day, if Bill had offered  
to have helped her she wouldn't have  
taken a cent, because as long as she believed  
Bill owed the money it was all right."

"So Bill got a job working on the  
gravel, but he told her he was just rest-  
ing in Omaha, and every Saturday night  
he used to give her nearly all his earn-  
ings, and just starved himself and slept  
in a tent with the horses out in the  
suburbs at night in all kinds of weather,  
and breathing the dust and dirt all day  
and the stable at night, and not eating  
at all regularly, his health broke down  
and he was taken to a hospital. About  
this time an old aunt of Mrs. Jim's died  
and left her a pile of property. Mrs.  
Jim kinder suspected something was  
wrong with Big Bill, but she couldn't  
get anything out of him, though she  
tried awful hard. She loved to tell Bill  
the next Saturday night when he came,  
but he didn't name, and she couldn't  
guess what was the matter until she saw  
by a paper that he had been taken to the  
hospital. She went up there to see him  
and he was delicious, and when he was  
out of his head he told all about what he  
had been doing, and it liked to have  
killed Mrs. Jim. When he got better she  
used to take him out driving, and said

she would pay him back, and she did  
make him take about a hundred dollars,  
and she was just bound he would be paid  
in full, and so he skipped out and came  
back up here.

"For a while he was a good deal better,  
but his cough got worse, and by and by  
he didn't pretend to do anything but just  
walk around with his head down and  
his hands behind him and talk about  
Jim and little Bill and Mrs. Jim, and he  
would lay out there in the cold night air  
with his head in his hands, looking up at  
the star dotted heavens and listening to  
the wind moaning through the pines.  
I got a letter from Mrs. Jim asking if  
Bill had come up here and how he was,  
and I managed to write back how he was.  
Well, one morning Bill didn't get  
up and I saw that he was pretty bad,  
and so I didn't go out with the sheep  
but just left them in the corral while I  
attended to Bill. Along about noon I  
heard Sheep bark, and looking out I saw  
a carriage coming around the mountain  
there, and I thought it was a doctor  
which the old man had sent up, but  
when it drew up Mrs. Jim and little Bill  
got out."

"Is there anything the matter? He  
isn't dead, is he?" she asked me. "I have  
come and will take him back where he  
can have the best of medical attendance.  
I can never forget what he did for Billie  
and I, just for Jim's sake."

"I didn't say anything, but just pointed  
into the little cabin, and she and the kid  
went in and leaned over him. He  
opened his eyes, and when he saw her he  
tried to raise himself, but he couldn't."

"Am I dead?" he asked.  
"No," said Mrs. Jim. "Billie and I  
have come up here for you, and we will  
take you back with us to Omaha, where  
you will soon get well."

"You are very kind," he said, and  
then smiled softly, drew a heavy sigh  
and died. Mrs. Jim leaned over him  
and her tears fell upon his face as she  
kissed him, and little Bill and me were  
crying too. We buried him next day,  
when the men came up from the ranch,  
out there under the tall pine, where he  
and Jim used to lie so much, and where  
he spent so much of his time after he  
got back from Omaha, and a few days  
after Mrs. Jim came up in a carriage  
from Laramie, acting as the guide for a  
man who brought up a stone for Bill's  
grave."

There were tears in the eyes of the old  
sheep herder when he finished, and we  
arose and went over to the grave. The  
wind was sighing a requiem through the  
tall pine tree, and the little stream was  
murmuring the sweetest music as it ran  
along over the rocks. In the moonlight  
I read on the plain marble slab the sim-  
ple inscription:

BIG BILL,  
ONE OF THE KIDDEST OF MEN.

—R. A. Eaton in Omaha Herald.

The Dangers of a Doctor's Life.  
Eighteen thousand doctors are now re-  
quired to guard the health of the British  
islands. Few of them spend the evening  
of their days in competence and retire-  
ment. The doctor's life is the most dan-  
gerous of all, and on the average, the  
shortest of all. It is even more danger-  
ous than the soldier's. Exposed to the  
contagion of fatal diseases, to cold, to  
night air, to accident, it is not to be  
wondered that he falls early in the bat-  
tle of life. In every little town may be  
found clyde men, officers, brewers, gro-  
cers, tailors, schoolmasters, jewelers,  
shoemakers and even peddlers, who end  
the evening of life in affliction and ease.  
But how seldom the doctor. He gener-  
ally dies in harness.—London Tit-Bits.

How Do You Live?  
Did you ever watch people bow? It is  
quite a study to note the variety of facial  
contortions and the divergence as to the  
method of holding the head. You have  
probably noticed the dignified little bend  
of the head accompanied by a passive con-  
tenance. It does not mean much, and when it does the special  
graces and commendable virtues are not  
indicated in the definition. A genial  
bow has as much to account for as a  
hearty hand clasp, and one frigid recog-  
nition has been known to drench a sprout-  
ing friendship with ice water and kill it  
on the spot.

Heads are often tossed back and then  
bent down, and I have taken delight in  
observing a man who opens his mouth  
as if to facilitate the tilting of his head.  
On some occasions a greeting is given  
by a solemn wagging of the head, just  
as people in some localities shake hands  
with a motion from side to side.

With a few people the whole face  
lights up as they greet their friends,  
and to those cheery, whole souled mor-  
tals we give an unasked and voluntary  
confidence. Lips can be curled into a  
fairly good imitation of a smile. Eyes  
can be danced into a dreary semblance  
of mirth. Words can be strung together  
by the brain and uttered in tones of  
counterfeited joy, but we can read the  
falseness and mark the absence of heart  
on every feature.

Those who are glad to see us rarely  
disguise the fact, and those who are not  
can scarcely force our belief from resting  
upon the foundation of a perhaps  
disagreeable truth.—Toronto Globe.

What the Matter Said About People.  
A good way to judge a man is to listen  
to his talk when he comes in to buy a  
hat for himself. It is all right for a man  
to ask his tailor what he ought to wear.  
But every man ought to know what sort  
of a hat is most becoming to him. No  
article of a man's wearing apparel so  
completely makes or unmakes him as  
his hat. There are men who should  
never wear any other than a silk hat,  
just as there are men who should never  
wear anything in the way of a hat ex-  
cept a derby. There are men who will  
never look like anything human with  
either. Some men were born to wear  
nothing but the soft hat.

I would not vote for a man who does  
not know what sort of a hat he should  
wear without taking the advice of an-  
other on the subject. I believe it was  
Shakespeare who said that dress pro-  
claims the man. Shakespeare knew  
what he wanted to say, I reckon, but if  
he ever paid any attention to the matter  
he would have said the hat. It is my  
observation that a man will say more  
foolish things when he goes to buy a hat  
than at any other time.—Interview in  
Chicago Tribune.

The demand for Percheron horses for ex-  
port is so great that the purity of the breed  
is seriously threatened, and a stud book  
has been started in France by which the  
pedigree may be preserved and the race  
kept up to the standard.

## Don't kick

because your business is bad, but advertise. If you don't know how to write to us and we will tell you.

We will prepare your advertisement or give you advice and assistance to aid you in preparing your self. We will have the advertisement set in type and procure illustrations if any are needed. When a satisfactory advertisement has been produced we will furnish proofs and an electrotyped pattern to be used in duplicating the advertisement. The display or illustration make an electrifying device.

Address: GEO. P. ROWELL & Co.,  
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,  
10 Spruce St., N. Y.

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SURPLUS..... \$50,000

DIRECTORS:  
R. B. Felt, A. W. Coffey, M. W. Lacey, C. A. Wil-  
son, S. T. Tuttle, N. P. Underkuffler, W. B. Taylor,  
John Davidson, J. C. Rouse.

Do a General Banking, Collecting and Brokerage Business.

Eastern and Foreign Exchange bought and sold. United States bonds of all denominations bought and sold. County, Township and Municipal bonds bought.

E. H. POWELL, Pres. G. W. BARRETT, V. Pres.  
C. E. FARR, Asst. Cashier.

### Fourth National Bank.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

PAID UP CAPITAL..... \$200,000  
SURPLUS..... \$50,000

DIRECTORS:  
J. T. Campbell, E. H. Powell, W. H. Lanning,  
George Barrett, R. B. Felt, John H. Clark, Joseph  
Morris, R. T. Dean.

R. L. HOWARD, President. L. D. REYNOLDS,  
J. P. ALLEN, Vice President. W. B. LIVINGSTON,  
New President. AUGUSTUS CASE,  
Assistant Cashier.

### State National Bank.

OF WICHITA, KAN.

CAPITAL..... \$100,000  
SURPLUS..... \$50,000

DIRECTORS:  
John H. Clark, George W. Walter, W. B. Green,  
J. P. Allen, Geo. Barrett, M. A. Jones, J. H. Taylor,  
Samuel J. Felt, Peter Gault, L. E. Bolivar, James  
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John Davidson, Pioneer Lumberman  
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Shingles, Lath, Doors, Sash,  
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